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THE VICTUALLING-HOUSE AT PLYMOUTH.

Our naval arsenals, comprising the dock-yards, naval stores, and victualling-yards, are an important part of the national greatness and resources of England as a maritime power; and to those who visit them, and become acquainted with the busy world within them, the whole economy of our naval strength is laid bare, in building up and preparing the arm-of-war.

It is true that the peace, which has happily prevailed over Europe, has dispossessed these places of much of their bustling and martial character; but the policy of our government, (whatever may be said of its wisdom,) of having all, or nearly all, the materials of labour and command of mechanical skill attached to these vast establishments, still impart to them the activity of a great mart. The most extensive of these is that of Deptford; but for architectural beauty, and felicity of arrangement and accommodation, the Victualling Stores depicted in the foregoing sketch excel all the others. The vast contracts undertaken by government for the navy, require these establishments, to deposit the articles contracted for, which are, from thence, dispersed and

forwarded to the fleets, at the various stations in which Great Britain maintains them, by merchant vessels chartered for that purpose. The navy of Great Britain, although, strictly speaking, confined to the ships in commission, and in the service generally, gives employment to a large commercial fleet of transports and merchant vessels, employed in conveying ordnance, naval, and victualling stores, for its requirement. These are issued from the naval and victualling yards, especially that of Deptford. The splendid range of buildings, of which the above is a representation, were built a few years ago, under the superintendence of Sir John Rennie. Favoured as the situation is by many natural advantages, we refer to a future Number for a statistical and architectural account of the design and disposition of the stores, which are such an ornament to the neighbourhood; and, (unlike most of the buildings of this description in England,) so worthy of the nation for whose most renowned and important service they were erected.

Plymouth Citadel was erected in the reign of Charles the Second. It is placed on a most

commanding situation, on the eastern end of the heights called the Hoe, which protects the town from the sea. It is exceedingly well fortified, and is constantly garrisoned. It contains the residence of the Governor of Plymouth, and barracks for five or six hundred men. Under the eastern walls of the Citadel is the Royal William Victualling Office, an extensive range of buildings, containing the granaries and ovens for supplying the bread, as also the cellars and storehouses for wine, spirits, meat, &c., for the supply of the government vessels in the harbour. The entrance gate, with its lofty central arch and lateral doorways, its emblematical sculptures and crowning pedestal, is surmounted by the statue of his late majesty, William the Fourth, in Portland stone. The gateway is built of beautiful granite; and as specimens of the extreme nicety to which this material can be worked, the oxen's heads over the piers, and more particularly the cables and anchors over the lateral doors, may be instanced. The shafts of the columns forming the internal avenue, are each of one stone. The leading dimensions are as follows:—

Height of central arch, 25 feet 2 inches; width of ditto, 14 feet 6 inches; height to top of blocking course over cornice, 36 feet 10 inches. Height of pedestal, 12 feet; height of figure, 18 feet 6 inches. Total height to crown of statue, 62 feet 4 inches.

Entire extent of front, 63 feet 6 inches; entire depth, from outer front of arch to outer angles of the two buildings at ends of colonnades, 110 feet.

Height of columns within, 18 feet.

After passing through the gateway, the neat granite-fronted residences of the two principal resident officers will be seen at a short distance to the left. Immediately on the right is the baking establishment, which comprises a quadrangular range of buildings, 250 feet by 200 feet, inclosing an architectural chimney shaft of granite, 150 feet high. Further on is the Melville quadrangle, 240 feet square, with its rusticated granite archway, 27 feet 9 inches high, and 15 feet 6 inches broad, and clock-chamber of the same material; making, altogether, an elevation of 95 feet 6 inches, and forming a magnificent centre-piece 61 feet wide. Opposite this is the bason, 250 feet by 200, surrounded by quays of granite, save where an iron swing-bridge vaults over a 45 feet opening into Stonehouse Pool.

Answering the great bakehouse on the opposite side of the bason, is the brewhouse, which is similar in dimensions and external character to the former, and having a corresponding chimney shaft.

Passing onwards in a direct line from the entrance, beyond the irregular quadrangle of the Cooperage, will be found the Clarence Stores, 340 feet long and 50 feet broad; in front of which is the Clarence Wharf, extending its spacious platform over a length of 500 feet, and terminated by a water entrance, dis-

tinguished by its double flight of steps and massive piers: the latter exquisitely wrought. The whole is of granite.

The line of wharfs forms a marine terrace, of about 1,500 feet. The view from the Clarence Wharf is very interesting; for from it may be seen a part of Mount Edgcumbe, the entrance into the expansive waters of Hameaze, with the flag-ship in full view; a portion of the Dock-yard, and the houses of the Admiral and Governor on Mount Wise.

The entire premises occupy an extent of about thirteen acres, of which, perhaps, six acres have been recovered from the sea, the material for that purpose being derived from the excavations made in preparing the remainder of the site. Some idea of the labour attendant on this operation may be formed from the fact, that the quantity of rock removed is estimated at 300,000 tons! The seawall which bounds the 1,500 feet of wharf, was supplied with its foundation, and built up to the water-level, by means of diving-bells. The foundation of the wall is at from 8 to 9 feet under low-water mark, spring-tides, and the wall itself rises a total height of about 30 feet. Its face is curved inwards, to resist the internal pressure of the ground. The lofty wall built against the residue rock, on which the reservoir is situated, is also curved in like manner. The latter is nearly 50 feet high. The reservoir, which is neatly finished with granite and lime-stone, and surrounded with an iron railing, measures nearly 200 by 180 feet square, and contains nearly 7,000 tons of water. This communicates, by means of cast-iron pipes, with another reservoir two miles distant, in Four Field Lane, Plymouth, and which is supplied by a stream from Dartmoor. The general facing of the several quadrangles, &c., is of wrought lime-stone; but the cornices, plinths, and various "dressings," with the more decorative portions of the principal fronts, are of granite.

The Clarence, Melville Stores, and Cooperage, have iron roofs, and the latter has also fire-proof floors. The coopers' shops are built in the centre of the Cooperage-yard, to prevent fire being communicated to the surrounding buildings. The top of each roof is covered with copper; the lateral inclinations with slate. The door and window-frames are of cast-iron.

To provide against the difficulty of getting vessels round the point in certain states of the wind or tide, a tunnel has been constructed, leading immediately from the Sound to the back of the Yard, into which it opens through a handsome rusticated archway, near the two houses of the resident officers.

The Melville quadrangle includes the offices of the establishment, and store-rooms for wet and dry provisions, slop-clothing, &c. The clock over the centre is a noble machine, by Vulliamy.

The Clarence stores are also for wet and dry provisions.

The Browhouse is furnished with a steam-engine of 40 horse power, by which the grinding of malt, mashing, pumping, &c., is effected. A similar engine is also employed in the Bake-house, where there are twenty-five pair of mill-stones, affording the means of grinding 1,000 bushels of meal in ten hours.

The baking department also deserves particular attention. In ten hours, the whole process is effected of converting simple flour into 2,480 pounds weight of biscuit.

From the reservoir above, a complete view of this vast establishment, which is one of the principal features of the town and neighbourhood of Plymouth, will at once be obtained.

To "Nettleton's Guide to Plymouth," a useful little work, we have been indebted for much interesting information in the above sketch.

AUTUMN.

The season of the yellow leaf, it comes once more to tell
That man as summer's glories must bid a bright farewell.

And Nature is still bountiful in her declining hours,
Her golden is the Autumn and brilliant all its flowers.

The d-wy grass, the leaves that change, the early twilight fall,

Reveal the fading time, symbols of truth, and might are all;
How doth it mock the vanity of human hopes and pride,

When flowers and leaves decay, and droop, and all fair things beside.

The season of the yellow leaf a fitting time should be
For all to contemplate the past and their mortality.

The summer's sun, the showers of spring, all, all, must pass away,

And men, the mere time comes to them, they wither and decay.

Over.

DR. JOHNSON'S POETIC AND LITERARY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the application of the term poet is bestowed with such a cautious and parsimonious hand, as even by some, to be withheld from Pope, it certainly is an honour that cannot with propriety be conferred on Johnson. His versification is not adorned by any of the rich creations of genius; it is not invested with the brilliant hues of the imagination; it does not rise into the sublime, nor does it draw from our bosoms the "natural tears" of tenderness and pity. There is in it none of the enthusiasm characteristic of the poet. His mind retained none of the enchanting scenery of nature, nor did it live among the fine, and delicate sensibilities of thought. But Johnson possessed much *elegance* of versification, strong, sonorous and musical; a judicious selection of images, and a copious choice of words; occasionally his poetry is rendered heavy by too much accumulation, and the thoughts are overladen by the assistance of a too cumbrous and oblique explanation. This has been pointed

out in the introductory couplet of the translation of Juvenal's tenth satire—

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;—

which in fact is saying, let observation, with extensive observation, observe China, &c. The tautology in this passage is so obvious as to strike any one. Croker refers the criticism on it to the late Mr. Sharpe, but the fact is, it belongs to Wordsworth; it was given as his many years ago, in Hazlitt's Lectures, and we have heard it from him in conversation; when he also contrasted with Johnson the happy elegance of Dryden in the same passage. The same love of amplification exists also in most of Johnson's prose compositions, but more than all in the *Rambler*. His language is not absolutely tautologous, but it is nearly so bad. There is too little distinction in the meaning of expressions that are to elucidate the same idea, every shade of difference is noted; nothing is left to the reader's mind to supply, every argument stands, like Wolsey, in the full-blown dignity of its expression, and every train of thought is pursued until the channel is dry; and this merely for the sake of moulding his sentence into his favourite form. Coleridge justly observes—

"Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing *viva voce*, in conversation, than with his pen in his hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like habit and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in the *Rambler* may be pointed out, to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general."

If learning is meant to include *scientific* knowledge, he certainly had no pretensions; for he was not a geometrician, and had made no advances in any of the branches of philosophy. If it is to be limited to *literature*, he was far behind the old scholars of our country, and even many of his contemporaries. If compared to Selden, to Mede, to Barrow, or to Milton, his literature was but a shadow. In fact, Johnson's education had been imperfect, carried on without any well-constructed plan, left to his own unguided exertions; and, after quitting college, his mind was occupied in pursuits which had little tendency to invigorate or to enrich it. He had to provide his daily bread by the toil of the day; to write in magazines, reviews, and other casual publications, and to pick up his information, and to dole it out, as the interests or wishes of his employers pointed. His sluggishness and indolence, both of body and mind, made him unwilling or unable to read with persevering diligence, (he owned that he never read a book through,) and would have declined any system of laborious investigation. Perhaps he had most advances

in theology, but we can discover no familiarity with the writings of the fathers or the schoolmen. He had no extensive acquaintance with our early literature, as Dr. Mant has observed in his *Life of Warton*, certainly not with that which is antiquarian and poetical. He was not an antiquary, like Percy or Warton; a linguist, like Sir William Jones; a divine, like Warburton or Waterland; or a scholar, like Burton or Parr.

His knowledge of Greek was very confined; indeed, he confessed to Dr. Burney, that he knew nothing of the Greek comic writers.

Professor D. Stewart, who always accompanies his philosophical investigations with the most indulgent spirit of criticism, says,—"To myself (much as I admire his great and various merits, both as a critic and a writer) human nature never appears in a more humiliating form, than when I read his *Lives of the Poets*, a performance which exhibits a more faithful, expressive, and curious picture of the author, than all the portraits attempted by his biographers; and which, in this point of view, compensates fully by the moral lessons it may suggest, for the critical errors which it sanctions." (Abridged from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.)

NAPOLEON'S TENACIOUS MEMORY.

THIS organization, these immense preparations, (for the Russian war,) were terminated about the month of February, 1812. I had several times written from the dictation of the Emperor; and I had occasion to admire his inconceivable memory, and the precision with which, without having recourse to the lists, he bore in mind the effective force of the several corps, in order to determine the means of raising them to the complete war establishment according to their wants. One day, having laid before him a general table which he had desired me to give him, and which he ran through very rapidly, he dictated a distribution of conscripts, founded on this statement, of the effective force of all the corps of the army, without once hesitating, and stated the actual force of each of the corps and their position. He walked rapidly up and down, or stood still before the window of his cabinet. He dictated with such rapidity that I had scarcely time to set down the figures clearly, and to indicate by abbreviations the notes which he added. For full half an hour I had not been able to take my eyes from the paper on which I wrote. I had no doubt but that he had before him the general table which I had given him; and when he paused a moment, and I was able to look at him, he perceived and laughed at my surprise. "You thought," said he, "that I was reading your table; I don't want it; I know it all by heart. Let us go on."—*Count Dumas's Memoirs of his Own Time.*

ON MUSICAL INTERVALS AND TEMPERAMENT.

(Written for the Mirror.)

BY J. L. SCHRODER.

AN article inserted under the heading "Music," in a public journal, has excited considerable attention, both on account of the philosophic view the writer takes of the nature and properties of musical intonation, and also the development, to a certain extent, of the mathematical principles which form the basis of practical music. Those principles constitute the science of harmonics—one of the most abstruse and difficult analytical branches of mathematical investigation.

In giving to the author of that article every credit for the general ability with which he has treated the subject, I deem it of importance to correct several errors he has fallen into, and to supply a more extended view of it, in order to interest the attention of practical musicians, and engage the more cultivated class to the study of those arcana of harmony which have not yet been rendered available to the service of musical composition. The powerful resources within the grasp of composers are unappreciated, because unknown—unknown, because they are, and have been for ages, heedless, supine, and indifferent to the study of the mathematical and philological principles of their art.

The musicians of antiquity were the eminent mathematicians of their respective eras;—they were the philosophers who ostensibly or mediately governed society—influenced its condition—and exerted an extended moral influence by the exercise of their spirit-moving art. Poetry was undoubtedly allied to music, as music was to the mathematics—but whether in ancient times allied as a principal, or as an adjunct, is not very clear; still the union was an effective instrument, wielded by inspired genius to urge on, with almost miraculous power, the mighty movements of the human race in progressive civilization.

At this distance of time, we possess only the scanty remains which the devastations of ages have transmitted to us, as retrospective visions of effects anciently produced by the powers of music—in consequence of the various positions of the semitones in the tetra-chord, according to the Dorian, Phrygian, or Lydian modes, in the Greek scale, as arranged by the ancient mathematicians. If we might be allowed to draw an inference—I should think that the rhythm of poetry was consequent upon the construction of the mode; and that poetry itself, when it became measured by time and cadence, as contra-distinguished to subject and composition, was an adjunct to the mode. The mode was the characteristic in which the rhythm merged. Now, it may be asked, what has all this to do with the subject of modern music, and the seven notes which form the modern scale? Unfortunately for modern music as a science,

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the Grecian octave, divided by its two tetrachords, arranged in different modes, has not been the stock upon which our imperfect scale has been engrafted.

In consequence of this failure, the modern system, supposed to have been arranged by Guido Aretini, a benedictine monk of the eleventh century, is composed of a diatonic-chromatic progression *only*, and is deficient for want of a systematic union of the enharmonic progression which should complete the scale, both for the purposes of modulation, and those of complete harmony—that is, the combination of *all* the chords and discords of which the scale properly constructed is susceptible.

It is to this raising of an enharmonic modulation that the musico-mathematicians, if I may so term them—of the early ages—played as it were with the passions of the human soul, and fettered the mind, and bound the will of men to social institutions by the mysterious spell of the unearthly vibrations of the simple-corded lyre, swept by the master-touch of the musician, triumphantly bending his captive audience to the power of sound.

Our modern confined scale is incapable of producing anything like these sublime effects;—it is certainly founded upon the ancient mathematical divisions of the vibrating string, but it does not carry out the *system* which those divisions necessarily raise. Our taste and our ears have, from early infancy, become accustomed to the larger divisions of the octave into five tones, and two semitones arising from the diatonic-chromatic arrangement. Our best music is unrefined in its modulation, and incomplete in its harmonies, especially upon our defective keyed instruments, which consist of twelve semitones to the octave—every black key representing two sounds, but giving one only.

A flat note and the sharp differing two-thirds of a chromatic semitone, are played as one note, are represented by one key, and beyond the mark \sharp or \flat prefixed to a piece of music, a modern musician of the first order, even, knows as little of the essential difference and uses of a flat and a sharp, as an untutored Indian does of the use of a quadrant, or the difference between that and a pair of compasses.

Noise, bustle, crash, and senseless rapidity of execution, or drawing attempts at musical effect—are substituted for music, as an intellectual and moral agent of the highest order assigned, as the writer of the article referred to well observes, “as one of those things in nature adapted to raise our contemplation to nature’s God.” The beauty of the thrilling tones produced by a highly cultivated and naturally fine voice should, in a philosophic view, be entirely detached from the estimation of the value and effect of a *system of sounds*. We receive a high pleasure in hearing the bursts of a fine, rich, cultivated singer, but the *soul* is only moved where that singer has sometimes succeeded in pouring

forth even a short series of enharmonic intervals, or has fallen upon *one* in a recitative.—The ear of the most untutored acknowledges the power of these occasional—sometimes purely accidental—appeals to the intellect, for such they are; but as a system they cannot be appropriated by the musician who so skilfully executes them, because he is unacquainted with the philosophic *principles* of his art.

It is the object of this notice of the article “*Music*,” referred to above—to place the principles of the enharmonic system in as plain a point of view as the subject will allow in the pages of a periodical. The attention of the musical world may be, to some extent, engaged to the subject by the introduction of it in the pages of this widely-circulated miscellany; and the use of a pure enharmonic scale, may eventually supersede the present imperfect and anomalous scale, upon which, for five centuries past, voices, ears, and musical instruments have been incorrectly formed.

The writer of the article in the *Journal*, states, that the sound produced by a string pitched so as to produce 240 vibrations in a second of time, is the *Do* of the continental musicians, or the C tenor of the British. He says, “There must be just 240 vibrations in order to make it what nature has designed it to be; 230, or 250 vibrations would be something else, and not nearly so agreeable to the ear.”

I beg to observe that this is gratuitous assumption. Nature has not assigned any particular number of vibrations as constituting the “particular existence” of any note in the scale as a fundamental, nor is any particular sound more or less agreeable *per se*, for being tempered flatter or sharper by any given number of vibrations; nor do the practical musicians of the continent, or of this country, fix the proper pitch of tenor C to 240 vibrations; so far from that, it is well known that the pitch of C has been gradually sharpened during a series of years past. The scale of all musical instruments is higher pitched, that is, made sharper throughout, than formerly, without any offence to the ears of theorists, or of practical men, which must have occurred if the sound *Do*, tenor C, had “a certain particular place in creation, and must be precisely produced by 240 vibrations in the second.” If this assertion were true, the ear must be as necessarily shocked by 230 or 250 vibrations, as it is by an octave being sounded out of tune with its fundamental sound, that is, with some other number of vibrations than in the proportion of 2 to 1. But that the ear of the most cultivated practitioners is perfectly satisfied with any change of pitch, may be demonstrated from the several recorded pitches of the *Do*, tenor C, at the several great orchestras of Europe.

The pitch of our Italian Opera, Queen’s Theatre, and of the leading manufacturers of musical instruments in London,

* “The pitch of St. Paul’s organ is lower than Opera pitch.”—Sir G. S.

work on Geology, countenances the theory of newly-formed islands, as well as the rapidity of coral growth. "The tendency of polypes to multiply in the waters of warm climates is so great, that the bottom of our tropical seas swarm with countless myriads of these little creatures, ever actively engaged in constructing their small but enduring habitations. Almost every submarine volcanic cone and ridge within these latitudes has become the nucleus and foundation of a colony of polypes. The calcareous secretions of these insects are accumulated into enormous banks, or reefs of coral, sometimes extending to a length of many hundreds of miles; these, *continually* rising to the surface in spots where they were unknown before, endanger the navigation of many parts of the tropical seas." Now, the question is, Do the phenomena of the South Seas warrant such a conclusion? I should reply, Most certainly not. The rapidity of coral growth has been most egregiously overrated and overestimated. Captain Beechy, of his Majesty's ship the *Blossom*, in his voyage to the Pacific, supplied some valuable information calculated to correct this error. And here I may assert, that, in all the range of my travels in the South Seas, I have perceived as animal agency at work adequate to the formation of a reef or island of any extent, within a period of many thousands of years.

Lyell, reasoning upon Captain Beechy's data, supposes that the ordinary growth of coral may amount to six inches in a century; it will then require 3,000 years to produce a reef fifteen feet thick. Captain Beechy visited an island supposed to be an elevated reef, eighty feet high; Mr. Stutchbury and myself have visited Rurutu, the rocks of which are of the same material, and are a hundred and fifty feet in height; and the calcareous rocks of Mangaia are about three hundred feet. Now, all these are supposed to be reefs elevated out of the sea; and, if it takes a century to produce a reef six inches in thickness, and three thousand years to produce one fifteen feet thick, eighteen thousand years would be required to produce the island visited by Captain Beechy, thirty thousand for the rocks of Rurutu, and fifty or sixty thousand for those of Mangaia: and only that portion of them which appears above water!

In addition to this, I have traditions of the natives upon almost every subject, especially of their former navigators, wherein every island which has subsequently been discovered within two thousand miles is named; but in no one of them is there any mention of, or reference to, a newly-formed island. I am familiar with one tradition, in which there is a genealogical account of the reigning family for thirty generations, and this is also equally silent upon the subject of new formations.

Another error in reference to corals I find entertained is this: many persons suppose that all coral insects work until they reach the surface of the water, which is not the case;

for you seldom find a piece of branching madrepore, or brain, or any other coral, however deep in the water, above two or three feet in height. Dr. Ure, in his admirable work on Geology, appears to assign by far too great importance to this species of coral.

And now I would briefly inquire what is the substance of which coral is composed, and whence do the insects obtain the material with which they build? Three distinct theories appear to be entertained upon this subject. The first is, that coral is the *exuvie* of the insect. The second, that it is a secretion from the animal. Buckland says, "that the gelatinous bodies of these polypes are furnished with the power of secreting carbonate of lime, with which they form a basis of attachment and cell of retreat," &c. A third opinion is, that the dead animal is converted into coral. This latter idea appears to be sanctioned by some persons of eminence. Lyell, when speaking of Bermuda, says, that "the decomposition of the numerous zoophytes produces a soft white calcareous mud, resembling chalk." Mr. Stutchbury also remarks, that "the carbonate of lime, by which some solid masses of compact limestone are formed, may have been derived from the decomposition of corals and testacea."

In venturing to offer a theory upon this topic, differing from those entertained by scientific men of great eminence, I must cast myself upon the candour of any one who, by his superior discernment, may detect a want of soundness in my propositions.

That there exists a considerable portion of calcareous matter, or carbonate of lime in salt water, has of course long been known; it was, however, a fact with which I was unacquainted, until, when abroad, being in want of salt, we were compelled to make it by boiling down sea-water. In this process we invariably found that a cake of lime formed at the bottom of the pan in which the water was boiled. This fact, thus ascertained, gave rise to a variety of suggestions in my mind; and having, since my arrival in England, prosecuted my inquiries into this subject, I find that, in all the salt-works in which sea-water is boiled, a thick cake of sulphate of lime is invariably found at the bottoms of the pans; and that our magnesia is obtained from the same source. These facts will be conclusive and satisfactory to the mind of every person who was not previously aware of the presence of lime in salt-water. Whence this material may be derived is an inquiry of no importance to the theory I would suggest. Dr. Buckland says, that "some refer it entirely to marine animals," but intimates himself, "that it may be carried by rivers into the sea." Where, however, are there rivers of sufficient magnitude to impregnate such a body of water as that of which the Pacific Ocean is composed? But, as in tropical climates the process of evaporation is so much more rapid than in higher latitudes, and as

this calcareous matter is separated by evaporation, may we not conclude that the innumerable myriads of these minute calcareous particles, which are always floating about in the sea, are thus produced? The inference I draw, then, is this: that, as there is carbonate of lime in salt-water; that, as corals are carbonate of lime; and that as they are found to exist principally in warm climates, where, by the process of evaporation, there is an abundance of material supplied for these insects to build with; instead of secreting the substance, or producing it in any other way, they are merely the wonderful architects which nature employs to mould and fashion this material into the various and beautiful forms which the God of nature has designed it should assume.

This opinion appeared to me to receive considerable confirmation on my late visit to the Museum at Liverpool; for, in looking over the extensive collection of corals there, I perceived a branching piece rather different from any with which I was acquainted; and on reading the label, I found it to be "a calcareous crystal formed in the evaporating-house of the King of Prussia."

I would venture also to suggest, whether the same theory might not be applicable to the formation of shells; and, instead of supposing that the animals secrete the calcareous coverings which they inhabit, may they not emit or secrete a gluten, to which the calcareous particles adhere, and thus the shells are formed.

While I believe in the agency of insects in the formation of the branching, the brain, and other corals, and also in that of roundish masses of various size, which, when broken, have much the appearance of coarse lump-sugar, and may be the work of the *saxigenous polypes*, yet, for two or three apparently conclusive reasons, I think the rock of which the reefs and islands are composed is not the production of insects. The first of these relates to the height of these masses. Lyell states that the class of polypes, to which this work is assigned, cannot live in water of great depth, and, quoting Mr. Stutchbury and other scientific authorities, suggests that twenty-five or thirty feet is the lowest point at which they can work. If this be correct, how can we account for the solid rock eighty feet above the surface of the water, of which Henderson's Island, visited by Captain Beechy, is composed; for the rocks of Rurutu, 150 ft.; and for those of Mangaia, 300 ft. in height! none of which present appearances to warrant the supposition that they have been elevated by a succession of efforts. The inference to be drawn from this is, that the insects do exist in greater depths than are now assigned to them, or that these solid masses are not the effect of their labour; the one or the other must be the case. To the latter opinion I entirely yield.

Another reason equally conclusive is, that

while the madrepora, the brain, and every other species of coral, are full of little cells, the reefs and islands appear to be solid masses of compact *crystal* limestone, in which nothing like a cell can be detected, but which, on the contrary, present a fine stratified appearance. Lyell intimates, "that this continuous mass of stone is composed of shells, broken-off prickles of the echini, fragments of coral, united by calcareous sand, produced by the pulverization of shells," &c. Now this kind of marine rubble, I think, is invariably in strata from three to nine inches in thickness; and the solid masses composing the islands and reefs, to which I have alluded, are pure and unmixed.

A third objection I have to allowing the reefs and islands to be the work of insects is, the amazing length of time, as I have already shown, that would be required to produce them. May not these structures have been produced by the chemical precipitation of the minute calcareous particles of which I have spoken? or may not the late experiments at the Philosophical Institution at Bristol throw some light upon this subject? There, Mr. Cross, by passing electric fluid through water, detached the calcareous and silicious particles, and produced stones of various kinds. Now, in tropical climates lightning is very frequent and vivid, and perhaps may exert an influence which has not hitherto been assigned to it; but more especially electric fluid may be engendered, to a considerable extent, by the sub-marine, and other volcanoes which abound in the South Seas, and produce an effect adequate to the formation of these wonderful and invaluable structures.

After all, however, that I have seen, and thought, and read upon the subject, my impression is, that the islands remain much in the same state as when the deluge left them; and that every subsequent alteration has been partial in its character, and exceedingly limited in its extent.

PRESERVING THE REMAINS OF A CARDINAL.

MODE of embalmment employed for the body of Cardinal Duke d'Iscoard.—The viscera were taken from their cavities and plunged into spirits of wine, saturated with corrosive sublimate, and the carotid, axillary, and femoral arteries, were injected with the same liquid. The viscera were then replaced, and the body, wrapped in glutinous bands, was dressed in the robes, and with all the insignia of a cardinal, placed in a coffin with various aromatic powders. Under the pillow, upon which the head rests, is a little leaden chest, containing medals, with the effigy of the pope from whom the duke received the dignity of cardinal, as also of the reigning pope, and one with the date of his decease, and the enumeration of his dignities.

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The Naturalist.



MORMOLYCES PHYLLODES.

"AMONGST the almost endless variety of forms impressed by the Creator upon the animated works of the creation, it is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Westwood, "that very few so entirely recede from the general structure of the great groups evidently existing in nature, as to require the establishment of fresh orders, or other primary sections for their reception in a systematic distribution. It more frequently happens, that the attention of the naturalist is directed to objects, which, although possessing the essential characters of the group to which they belong, exhibit the most remarkable appearances, from the extraordinary development of some one or more of their organs, and lead him, at first sight, to doubt the propriety of the location assigned to them. These objects are consequently regarded in the most interesting light, not only by the professed naturalist, on account of the peculiarity of their structure, but also by the amateur, from the grotesqueness or singularity of their appearance. Indeed, from the remarkable circumstance that these creatures are generally of very rare occurrence, being seldom found in any great quantity, it is not surprising that authors should have seized every opportunity of minutely describing and illustrating their entire structure."

Mormolyces phyllodes is a Javanese species of beetle, belonging to the family *Carabida*, or tiger-beetles. It is remarkable for its flatness, and the great dilatation and posterior production of the sides of its wing-cases, and altogether it looks more like a bit of thinly-rolled gingerbread, or an Italian jumble, than an in-

sect. Upwards of thirty specimens of this extraordinary creature were brought to England from Java, about seven years since.

J. H. F.

CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

(From Pictorial History of England.)

FALSTAFF, the "unlimited, unfimitable Falstaff," was the poetical creation that was absolutely necessary to the conduct of the great dramatic action,—the natural transformation of "the mad-cap Prince of Wales" into King Henry V. So, indeed, were all the satellites which revolve round Falstaff, sharing and reflecting his light. It is the perfect characterization of this drama which makes the incidents consistent: the characters cannot live apart from the incidents; the incidents cannot move on without the characters. If we attempt to unravel the characters, and the complicated character of Falstaff especially, without reference to the incidents, we are speedily in a labyrinth. The vulgar notion of Falstaff, for example, is the stage notion. Mrs. Inchbald truly remarks, "To many spectators, all Falstaff's humour is comprised in his unwieldy person." But the same lady adopts an equally vulgar stage generalization, and calls him the "cowardly Falstaff." The "wit" of Falstaff, though slightly received into the stage conception of the character, is a very vague notion, compared with the bulk and the cowardice of Falstaff. Mrs. Inchbald (we are quoting from her prefaces to the acted plays) says, "The reader who is too refined to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb." The refinement of the players is even more sensitive; for they altogether leave out in the representation the scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately stand for the King and Harry—a scene to which nothing of comic that ever was written, except, perhaps, a passage or two in Cervantes, can at all approach. The players, however, are consistent. Their intolerance of poetry and of wit are equal. Not a line do they keep of the matchless first scene of the third Act, than which Shakespeare never wrote anything more spirited, more individualized, more harmonious. But we are digressing. Falstaff, then, we see in the rude general conception of his character, is fat, cowardly, and somewhat witty. The players always double and quadruple the author's notion of his fat and his cowardice; and they kindly allow us a modicum of his wit. To be fat and to be cowardly, and even to have some wit, would go far to make an excellent *butt* for a wild young prince; but they would not make a Falstaff. These qualities would be, to such a prince as Shakespeare has conceived, little better than Bardolph's nose, or the Drawer's "anon, anon, sir." To understand Falstaff, however, we must take him scene by scene, and incident by incident; we must study his character in its development by the incidents.

COINCIDENCES, PREDICTIONS,
AND OMENS.

CANNING's parting from his mother forms as curious a coincidence as any. He took leave of her with the following expression: "Adieu, dear mother, in August we meet again!" when, strange to say, in July Mrs. Canning died suddenly, and her son followed her in the course of the next month. Such an instance does not stand altogether solitary. When the whole of the order of the Templars was, at the instigation of Philip of France, condemned to death by Pope Clement, a Neapolitan knight being brought up to suffer, espied the king and his holiness looking out at a window on the scene. Exasperated at such barbarous coolness, the knight exclaimed: "Clement, thou tyrant, seeing there is none now left among mortals to whom I may appeal as to that grievous death wherewith thou hast condemned me, I do therefore appeal unto the best Judge, Christ, our Redeemer, unto whose tribute I cite thee, together with King Philip, that ye both make your appearance there in a year and a day, where I will open my cause!" Accordingly, both the king and the pope died within the stipulated time.

Predictions that have proved to be correct in their fulfillments, I am disposed to think partake essentially of the nature of coincidences. The difference is but slight. A coincidence consists in two events bearing either a striking analogy to each other, or if different in their actual details, happening at the same moment of time, (be the distance what it may,) and by an involuntary impulse of the mind, mysteriously assimilated; whilst a prediction, consisting merely of words, forms as it were the groundwork, the corresponding event being yet in the bosom of futurity, and not to happen till the time stipulated by the prophecy be fulfilled. As far as regards human powers of foreseeing, it would seem that the resemblance the event bears to the original prediction, is the work of coincidence, unless, of course, it can be traced to the wisdom and reasoning powers of the prognosticator. This would seem to have been the case with Thales, who desired to be buried in an obscure place at Mileia, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum; and also with Knox, who, being condemned to a galley at Rochelle, predicted that "within two or three years he should preach the gospel at St. Giles's, in Edinburgh," an event then as unlikely to happen as that he should be raised to the Papal chair, but which nevertheless came to pass. And necessarily so with Rousseau, who, in 1760, clearly foresaw and predicted the extraordinary events of the French Revolution: "You put your trust," said he, "in the actual state of society, without ever considering that the present state of affairs is subject to inevitable mutations—the powerful will become weak, the weak powerful, *the monarch even will be as a subject; we are*

drawing nearer and nearer to a crisis, to an age of revolutions!"

The future character of Cromwell was clearly discerned and pointed out to Charles I. "This coarse man," said Lord Falkland, pointing to Cromwell, "will be the first person in the kingdom, if the nation comes to blows;" and Archbishop Williams told Charles, confidentially, "there was that in Cromwell, which foreboded something dangerous, and wished his majesty would either win him over to him, or get him taken off." By the same power of discernment, the dissolution of the monasteries and religious houses, was predicted by the anonymous author of "Piers Ploughman," two hundred years before this dissolution actually took place.

We are, however, constrained to be more fastidious in our method of accounting for the singular prediction made by Dryden, at the time of the birth of his son Charles: "If he live to arrive at his eighth year," said he, "*he will go near to die a violent death, on his very birth-day; but if he should escape, as I see small hopes, he will, in his twenty-third year, be under the same evil direction; and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, will, I fear*" Strange to say, in the eighth year of the child's age, notwithstanding all the care the father had taken to keep his son from danger, setting him long lessons to learn, that he might not be tempted to leave the house, he was almost killed by the fall of a wall. In the twenty-third year of his age, the next period mentioned, he fell from the top of a tower belonging to the Vatican, and so injured himself, that he never entirely recovered from the shock. The third period of the prophecy was, however, destined to be accomplished, for in a swimming match at Windsor, young Dryden was seized, as it is supposed, with a cramp, and unfortunately drowned. Thus, Dryden's prophecy proved to be correct throughout. On the authority of a correspondent to the "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. 44, we learn that John Neade, a Winchester scholar, foretold the death of Mr. Larman, chaplain to the College, Dr. Mew, bishop of Winchester, and himself, within that year; all which predictions were literally fulfilled, they each dying *natural deaths*. Camden tells us, that Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, on his death-bed, with much solicitude entreated of such as stood about him to tell his son, then only ten years of age, ever to have in mind his thirty-sixth year, as being the greatest age he would ever attain. His unfortunate son was beheaded at the age of thirty-four. It would thus seem, that the dying father had prophetically warned his son.

Many other cases of minor authorities I might produce, but would rather let them remain untouched. It is too often the case that, by bringing forward instances from questionable sources, much injury is done to the cause

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of truth; those I have quoted are, as far as I am able to judge, of sufficiently sound authority to stand the test of incredulity.

Now, another kind of coincidence, I can hardly prevail upon myself to omit to notice, is that which consists in the feasibility of transposing the component letters of a word in such wise, that the newly-constructed word or sentence shall have some appropriate reference to the original: as in the case of "punishment," the letters may be so transposed as to make "nine thumps;" and in the case of "lawyers," "aly ware." The several letters of the word "news," each indicate some particular point of the compass, as if the word were expressly compounded of these letters to signify that news come from all quarters of the world,—North, East, West, and South. Of course, a very considerable number of such coincidences might be discovered, and may readily be formed. Some, however, not generally known, and having a reference to historical characters, I here subjoin. By some loyal subject of our English Solomon, his name has been construed into the following anagram:—"James Stuart," "a just master;" and, further, to show his majesty's right to claim the throne of the visionary Arthur, has the following:—"Charles James Stuart" "claims Arthur's seat."

The mistress of Charles IX. of France, whose name was Marie Touchet, had her name altered into "Je charme tout," which was historically true. The assassin of Henry III., who was called Frère Jacques Clement, had the following anagram made upon his name:—"C'est l'enfer qui m'acréé;" and if out of the letters which form the words "Révolution française," the word "veto" be struck, the remaining letters, duly transposed, will make the striking and appropriate sentence—"Un Corse la finira!" This is, of course, the pure work of coincidence. H. M.

ANCIENT TEMPLE AT MALTA.

THE remains of an ancient temple, supposed to be of Phœnician origin, has very lately been discovered, at about two hours' walk from Valetta, near Casal Croudy, which promises to afford much room for curious speculations among the scientific, as there are tombs and hieroglyphics amusingly troublesome to decipher, being defaced by time and decay. A small part only of these remains are yet cleared, but the governor has ordered the place to be excavated, and the work is going on as rapidly as fifteen or sixteen persons can effect it. On the other hand, our government has listened to the representations of a Sicilian, who maintains that from the appearance of a certain herb found growing in the island of Goso, indicative of the presence of sulphur, there must be considerable veins of that substance to be found there, and in consequence some excavations and boring are going on in

that direction, also under authority. These, with the progress making in the erection of a Protestant church (thanks to the generosity of our Dowager Queen,) our island is in a fair way of offering a *sejour* to the eastern traveller and those making grand tours, of which some hundreds arrive now monthly on their way to the Levant, by the various steamers plying to Malta.

Arts and Sciences.

A TRANSPARENT WATCH.

A WATCH has been presented to the Academy of Science at Paris, constructed principally of rock crystal. It was made by M. Rebellier, and is small in size. The internal works are visible; the two toothed wheels which carry the hands are rock crystal, the other wheels of metal, to prevent accidents from the breaking of the springs. All the screws are fixed in crystal, and all the axles turn on rubies. The escapement is of sapphire, the balance-wheel of rock crystal, and its springs of gold. The regularity of this watch is attributed to the feeble expansion of the rock crystal on the balance-wheel. The execution of the whole shows to what a state of perfection the art of cutting precious stones has been carried.

PORTABLE GAS.

In Vienna, according to a simple and perfectly secure method, invented by M. F. Dronot, gas is daily conveyed in hermetically sealed bags, on carriages constructed for the purpose, from the manufactory to all parts of the town; by which the expense of laying down pipes is avoided, and the article supplied to the consumer at a reduced rate. This plan would offer immense advantages to the Companies in London, and other large cities, by saving the great cost of their miles of piping, and the immense expense of supplying the gas to each house.—*Inventor's Advocate.*

NEW APPLICATION OF STEAM POWER.

A few weeks ago, an experiment was made on a Scotch canal, to prove the applicability of steam power to the towing of barges, the power being applied by means of a locomotive engine on a railway laid along the towing-path. That experiment, which, as far as it went, was perfectly satisfactory, has since been followed up by similar attempts, and the results have been quite successful. It now appears that, with properly constructed boats for passengers, a speed of 19 or 20 miles an hour may be attained, without any injurious agitation of the water.

PATENT CANDLE-EXTINGUISHER.

A very ingenious little instrument, to extinguish candles at any desired time, invented by Mr. Jones, of the Strand, has just been submitted to our inspection. It is self-acting, and consists of a small circular tube, surmounted by two flaps, which, being put open on the candle, an inch or half-a-dozen inches down,

to the extent intended to burn, collapse when the flame has descended to the extinguisher. It snaps together sharply, and completely fulfils its purpose. We rather think we saw a similar tin extinguisher in Newgate Street, some years ago.

IRON-BUILT FLY TRACK-BOAT.

Among the numerous things that engage the attention of the inhabitants of Hythe, is Pilcher's iron-built fly-track boat, called the Ark (and a very commodious boat she is,) which starts from the head of the Royal Military Canal, near Seabrook, every day, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The proprietor has arranged for a continued and pleasant boat from Dover to Hythe, Rye, Hastings, and Brighton.

MARKING LINEN.

A celebrated German chemist, Mr. Hoenle, has invented a new plan for marking linen without ink. This is effected by simply covering the linen with a fine coating of pounded white sugar. The stamp of iron, very much heated, is impressed on this material. Two seconds suffice for the operation. The linen remains slightly scorched, but the mark is indelible.

THE IRON TRADE.

A statement of the iron-trade of Great Britain (up to June, 1839) is published in the *Railway Magazine*. The following are extracts:—In Great Britain there are 239 furnaces in blast; 14 out of blast; 31 building, and 83 contemplated. The annual produce of iron is 1,008,280 tons. The weekly produce, 19,390 tons of iron, and 9,000 tons of bar iron. To produce this quantity, 3,000,000 tons of coal are required, and the labour of 40,000 persons. The most extensive manufacturing firms are Messrs. J. and C. Bailey, Messrs. Guest, Lewis, and Co. These four establishments produce above one quarter of the whole amount of iron manufactured in the empire, and nearly one-half the whole amount of bar iron.

WEIGHT OF STEAM.

Steam is 1,800 times lighter than water—that is, a given portion of water will, in the form of steam, occupy 1,800 times the space it did before.

CHINESE VARNISH.

Lacked fans are in very general use among the higher classes of both sexes in China. In Canton you may see Chinese gentlemen come into a shop to order fans. They bring the plain leaves, with the pattern they prefer lightly etched, by themselves. When the pattern is drawn, the varnish is laid on in successive coats, till it acquires a sufficient degree of substance, when it receives the last polish from the hand. The varnish is of a very irritating and destructive nature, and the men are very careful how they handle it. It is a liquid resin, which exudes at night from incisions in the bark of a tree called *sei*. This plant is about fifteen feet in height, and resembles the ash.

When about eight years old, it yields the juice. So little can be collected at one time that it is considered a good night, when a thousand trees yield twenty pounds.—*The Pankui in China*.

IMPROVEMENT IN SMELTING COPPER.

Mr. Charles Schafhult, of London, has just obtained a patent for an improved method for smelting copper ore. To overcome the great difficulty of calcining, he proposes that the copper ore be mixed with quick lime, as one would make mortar, and salt or chloride of sodium introduced to prevent the development of smoke, as well as to facilitate the process of smelting. To five portions of copper ore, put one and a half of quick lime, and one of salt. The mixture is to be put into the trough, which conveys it to the heated surface of the smelting furnace; and to prevent the escape of noxious particles, the damper must be pressed, and the draught doors closed, thus compelling the atmospheric air to pass the chamber of the heated copper, and carry with it the noxious particles, to mix with the steam and water under the furnace, the vapour escaping through another passage, to be condensed. Sea sand, with shells in it, or anthracite, or stone-coal, should be thrown on the scorifier, or slack, until it becomes sufficiently silicated, and allows the copper to sink. The mass of red-hot copper is then allowed to run into the water under the furnace, where it is to be washed.

NON-FATALITY OF PRUSSIC ACID.

A few days ago a favourite dog, belonging to Mr. John Ruthven, of this city, having been for two or three years in a declining state of health, owing, it is believed, to poison having been administered to him, it was found necessary to terminate his existence by giving him a dose of prussic acid. Accordingly, an extra large dose (nearly a teaspoonful, the fourth part of which is sufficient to have killed a horse) was carefully put down his throat: about half a minute elapsed before it had any effect, when he dropped down, giving several yells, and then went into strong convulsions, writhing, and tumbling about from side to side, and exhibiting many other symptoms of speedy dissolution; at last he lay quiet, almost without signs of life, except now and then hard breathing. He continued in this state nearly half an hour, when he gave evident indication of returning animation, but seemed quite unconscious of anything about him. In a short time he raised himself to a sitting posture, when he was seized with a violent shaking; he afterwards lay down, and appeared very composed. He continued in this state for about two hours, when he perfectly recovered, running about the place, and eating his food as usual.—*Leamington Chronicle*.

A gentleman of Liverpool has invented a new engine, immensely superior, in every respect, to the old steam-engine. The power is created by air and steam. It will consume only one-half the quantity of fuel of the old

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one; and the rapidity by which a vessel propelled by it will sail, will enable it to perform a passage to America in six days. Owing to a particular way in which the power acts upon the vessel, twenty miles the hour can be realised with the greatest possible ease. The weight of machinery will be only one-half that required by the old steam-engine, and, instead of straining and weakening the ship, will brace and strengthen it. By this method the steam power is more than doubled.—*Liverpool paper*.

A machine lately has been introduced on the extensive works of Mr. James Hunt, of Rowden-hill, near Chippenham, for making bricks, which has excited much curiosity. The cylinders revolve about once a minute, making in the course of each revolution about 32 bricks.—*Taunton Journal*.

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans.
By Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, 2 vols. 8vo.

(Concluded from page 343.)

[WITH the subsequent abstracts we close our notice of this pleasing woman. She was raised by her husbands successively, from a station of which she was unworthy, to a sphere which she was by nature fitted to grace and dignify: like that pearl of Cleopatra, which the hand of a Plancus rescued from threatened dissipation, to be afterwards consecrated in a temple, which was glorified by its pulchritude and beauty.—Poor Harriot! benevolently these volumes attempt to shadow forth the virtues and excellencies of thy heart—these things it was that made thee lovely in thy life, and lo, in death they are not parted from thee!]

The High Disdain of Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Siddons, at that time, had produced her grand study of *Jane Shore*. At Liverpool, this *chef d'œuvre* was announced, and the house was full to excess, but the wretches in the gallery, seeing the principal merchants with their families present, thought this a delightful opportunity of indulging their wit respecting the "soldiering." Accordingly, they formed two bands, one on each side of the gallery, and kept up a cross-dialogue of impertinence, about "charging guns with brown sugar and cocoa-nuts," and "small arms with cinnamon-powder and nutmegs," from the commencement of the play until its very end.

Miss Mellon was in an agony, but Mrs. Siddons, calm, though deadly pale, merely said to her, with a slight tremour in her voice, that "she would go through the time requisite for the scenes, but would not utter them." She went on the stage, said aloud, "It is useless to act," crossed her arms, and merely murmured the speeches; all enjoyment was totally lost, through an unmanageable gallery, while the queen of the drama went through the entire character of *Jane Shore* "in dumb show," on the first night it was attempted there.

A Chivalric sailor-scene, told by herself.

"When I was a poor girl, working very hard for my thirty shillings a-week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at the minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless, orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman persecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope—I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor, 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery, springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment.

"Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sun-burnt countenance, 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you (turning to the frightened actor), if you don't bear a-hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you, when I come athwart your bows.'

"Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scraping of violins from the orchestra; and, amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor distressed, young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive, and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

Sudden Death of Poor Palmer, the Actor.

Palmer had been labouring under great mental distress, arising from pecuniary difficulties. Mr. Aikin, the manager, prevailed on him to perform the *Stranger*, on the 12th of July; and the representation was so fine, that, by general desire, he was induced to repeat it. While rehearsing on the morning of performance, he received an express relating the sudden death of his son. The play, of course, was deferred, for the wretched father was carried almost senseless from the theatre. After some days, he was urged to re-appear, and the broken-spirited man made but little resistance.

He arrived at the theatre tolerably calm in the evening, but was silent; whilst respect for his misfortunes threw a solemnity over the generally gay green-room. He went through the play almost mechanically, until

the fourth act, when the *Stranger* has to refer to his children. He was dreadfully agitated; the audience feeling too deeply even to encourage him; finally, in uttering the well-known words, "*There is another and a better world!*" he expired—a case, if ever there was one, of a *broken heart!* The theatre was closed for some time afterwards.

On the day of his burial, prayers being read over the body, it was committed to a grave, seven feet deep, dug in a rock. The coffin was of oak, covered with black cloth, and on the plate was simply inscribed, 'Mr. John Palmer, aged 53.' A stone was to be placed at the head of the grave, with the very words he had spoken in the character of the *Stranger*:—

'There is another and a better world!'

Miss Mellon's First Lesson in Painting.

Miss Mellon said, when first she appeared in London, the theatre seemed so immense, and the distant audience so dark and dingy, that she thought her own brunette complexion would be proportionably deepened to a maulatto tint; and she, therefore, put on a coating of white powder, resolved that her skin should emulate the white satin near it. At the end of the second act, Snett, who had been witnessing the comedy from the house, "an amateur," came round to talk over the first part of it. Going up to Miss Mellon, to whom he always told her faults, and gave friendly professional scoldings, he exclaimed, "Why, Peggy, child, what a fright you have made yourself! your little nose, glaring with white, looks broader than it is long; and as for your fat cheeks, they look like two of your landlady's muffins. How dare you put on so much white paint, eh?" Quite indignant that he accused her of a crime she had not committed, she replied, "I never wore *white* paint in my life, Sir; and to-night I merely put on a little *white powder*." "Well done, Peggy!" Snett replied! "both are meant to humbug, so the matter's equal; shall I tell you for what you are suited with that quantity of white and red? Just let me lengthen the corners of your mouth upwards, and then you will be ready to act as clown in the pantomime." She was very angry, and gathered up her satin train to depart to her own room, her friend calling to her, "Go and wash your pretty face, Peggy; go and wash your nice, brown, merry face."

Too wise, even in her anger, not to take some opinions besides her own, she applied to the dresser, who aided completely with the old actor. She found, however, that she had put on such a quantity, that, on the application of water, it formed itself into "vermicelli," whose little rolls adhered past all management to her face, and only by dint of great exertion, she, with the sympathising dresser, were able to remove the most prominent portions, and applied a little fresh carmine, and with upstarting red cheeks had to go through

the last scenes. When the play was ended, the old actor came up, and pouring into her face, said, "Why, Peggy, my child, you look as if you had been mising your landlady's muffins, now, and the paste had fallen all over your face. But you bear a scolding very well, Peggy; and you've played your character very well also. Now, go home and eat some muffins, and remember my maxim, that those who chiefly please by arch expression and manner, should never act behind a mask of white paint; or as you call it, *only a little powder*, Peggy, child!"

[Her mother, when ill, was violently petulant and reproachful, but the amiable girl returned good for evil.]

"You know what I should like, you careless, unfeeling creature; my only fancy is for some ham and green peas"—"Green peas in winter, mother! Why, Queen Charlotte herself has not green peas now."—"She does not want them, perhaps, so much as I do; but leave the room, Harriet, for you have worn out my spirits with your ingratitude."

As her sitting apartment in those days was limited to the singular number, she had nowhere else to go; Miss Mellon, therefore, put on her poke-bonnet and cloak, and resolved to take a walk; she crossed Covent Garden Market; the church bells had ceased, the green-grocers were hastily closing their shops, when, just between the last two shutters of a window, she espied what she had considered a luxury beyond Queen Charlotte's reach—a pint of green peas. The shutters were now closed, and the shopman gone in; but she tapped at the door, and stated her errand. The man, however, regretted extremely, but it was now during the forbidden hours. She urged that no one would be aware of the matter, that it was to gratify the fancy of a poor invalid; and, at last, a shower of her tears aided the persuasion. The man of peas could not withstand such an appeal, and the half-door was opened to admit Miss Mellon. As they looked to be about a sixpenny-worth in the ordinary season, she made up her mind to pay six or eight times that amount for the rarity, and asked the price. It was half-a-guinea. She considered, for a moment, that her lodging and other expenses of last week were to be paid out of the salary, etc., but it was but a moment's pause; so she paid the sum, and tripped away with her prize, one of the happiest beings in London.

Re-entering the house gently, by means of a latch-key, she unfastened the windows of the ground-floor apartment, prepared the fire, and put down the peas to boil, with some ham, which was in the house. When her landlady came home, she chid her for such unsuitable occupation; but Miss Mellon resolved that the "delicacies" should be prepared by her own hands; and when they were ready, she placed them in a little dish, as a surprise for the parent who had treated her so harshly.

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The landlady was to carry up the dinner, and to leave the door open, so that Miss Mellon might enjoy hearing her mother's exclamations of surprise before she entered the apartment. But when the covers were removed, and Mrs. Entwisle found that all her harshness had not been able to banish her daughter's good-nature, instead of uttering the expected exclamation of pleasure, she threw herself on her knees, called every blessing on the head of her daughter, and called on Heaven to punish her wickedness towards an angel! The over-excited daughter who was listening to her in agony, interrupted the penitent's appeal by falling insensible into the room.

Her Conduct at the Burning of Covent Garden Theatre.

Miss Mellon was almost out of her senses at the proximity of the flames to her house in Little Russell Street. But when a report arrived that several walls had fallen in and buried a number of poor creatures, her whole anxiety was for their rescue. She stood in the drawing-room window offering five pounds for each of those who were brought out alive, and two pounds for each body of the hapless creatures who perished. She was dressed in a blue satin pelisse, looking lovely in her anxiety; and each time she appeared at the window she was received with animated cheers by the crowd, who seemed ready to worship her. While remaining there, eight individuals were exhumed, and Miss Mellon distributed her rewards; but life was instinct in all, and they were carried to St. Paul's Church-yard, Covent Garden.

Her Last Appearance, February 7, 1815.

Mr. Coutts, whose great delight was to attend the theatre, arrived soon after the play had commenced. Miss Mellon was considered the handsomest *Audrey* on the stage, the French peasant costume suiting her style. On this evening, her dress was extremely fanciful and pretty, being a peculiar shaped black velvet hat, a yellow jacket laced with black velvet, and a gold cross and heart on her throat; while the striped, full, and rather short petticoat, revealed very neat feet and ankles, in little buckled shoes, and yellow silk stockings with black clocks. She was greeted with much applause, as being a favourite of the audience, so that, when the early scenes were over, she went to speak to Mr. Coutts, flushed with success, and hoping for his compliment also. She was, however, disappointed in finding his kind countenance wearing a serious expression, as, taking her hand, he said that he could not allow her to appear thus again.

In dismay, she inquired what was his meaning, and he explained that he could not bear to see her "made up" for the stage; he, therefore, hoped this would be her last appearance. His requests were so few, that the matter of her retirement was settled from that moment: She returned to the stage for her final scene;

at its close, whispered to the astonished *Touchstone*, that "she should never again be his *Audrey*," stepped rather in advance of the other performers, curtisied profoundly several times to the applauding audience, and such was the sole intimation and leave-taking of her last appearance.

Mrs. Coutts' Religious Superstition.

Her religious ideas were in strict accordance with the purest Christianity; and her daily exercises of solitary devotion and meditation were long, and never omitted. The minute book of prayer and meditations of Queen Catherine Parr was always carried about her person. In these beautiful little effusions the passages all bear strong affinity to her own position, in appeals for escape from its dangers and temptations. An omission of these daily duties was regarded by her with an almost superstitious dread, thus:—

The first occasion on which she was to take her place as a peeress in the gallery of the House of Lords, was an event to which she attached rather a nervous importance, and great care was taken about all the arrangements. Just as her toilette was completed, the carriage was announced, and she hastened down stairs, fearful of losing any part of the ceremony she wished to witness. On reaching the carriage, however, a sudden change in her aspect was observed; and instantly withdrawing from the step, she dismissed the carriage, and relinquished her attendance at the House.

The cause of this apparent whim was, that in the excitement and hurry of preparation, her customary devotions had been omitted, nor once recollected until she had passed the threshold. In reverting to this fact, she is said to have remarked, "I was struck with shame and repentance at my vanity, and my spirits never felt so light and satisfied as when I cast aside the rich dress which had nearly caused a neglect of my daily duty of gratitude: the sacrifice of that hour was well repaid."

A Copyhold Tenant of the Duchess of St. Albans.

On the 16th April, 1797, a new comedy was played at Drury Lane, entitled, "The Will," from the brilliant pen of Mr. Reynolds. One of the characters was supported by Miss Mellon. It had very good success. The clever author, in his memoirs, published in 1827, writing of Miss Mellon, he says, "Cicely Copeley, the gamekeeper's daughter, in my comedy, was performed by Miss Mellon with considerable effect. I little thought at that time that I was to become the vassal of this young, handsome Cicely Copeley. Mrs. Coutts is now my 'Lady of the Manor,' for under her I hold a small copyhold estate, near Chelmsford, in Essex; and by an old feudal law (which, though obsolete, is still unrepented) she might compel me, *gent and all*, to attend and serve at her next Highgate public breakfast in armour."

Dr. Ruddiman's Story of the Hayrick.

"I was visiting one day, at the luncheon hour, a family who had a most beautiful villa, with long French windows opening on a lawn, and commanding a view of the river. Close by the bank of the stream was a stack of hay; which had been made there some time before, and I chanced to be looking at it, when, suddenly, the hay-stack was actually rearing away from the river side. Unable to speak, I pointed it out to the assembled party at table. We watched the movement of the haystack, as it slowly glided along, until it, at last, was completely motionless.

"The master of the house, a person of great courage, now thought there must be thieves within it, so he sallied forth with a long, rusty rapier (said to have belonged to *Longus Epée*, Earl of Salisbury), and stabbed the hayrick in every direction; and when the gardeners took to pieces the lowest layer, what do you think he saw! Hundreds, thousands, millions of *feld mice*, who scampered off to the former station of the hayrick, and were quickly under ground past reach."

"Ugh!" said Fuseli, "Dit onny pody offere hear suche a tomd—"

He was interrupted by Mr. Coutts, from whose eyes tears were falling thick and fast, with excessive laughter, at this moving tale.

The Gatherer.

The *Courrier de la Drôme* of Valence, states, that roses, pinks, and other flowers, were to be seen in full bloom in that neighbourhood a week ago. It is supposed that the sap of the plants, so long checked by the drought which has prevailed in the south of France, had been suddenly brought into action by the warm rains which have recently fallen in that part of the country.

Two Jewish Rabbies, on visiting Jerusalem, the city of their ancient solemnities, were affected in opposite ways—one wept, the other rejoiced. On explaining the causes of these opposite feelings, he who wept said, "How can I but weep when I behold the desolation of the holy city! but why, my brother, do you express your joy?" The answer is worthy of notice—"I rejoice to think, that as certainly as I behold the fulfilment of the threatenings of vengeance contained in the Sacred Scriptures, so assuredly will the promises of blessings, and the restoration of Israel, receive their fulfilment."

Wills of Shakespeare, Milton, and Napoleon.—The last wills and testaments of these three great men are tied up in one sheet of foolscap, and may be seen at Doctors' Commons. In the will of the bard of Avon is an interlineation in his own hand-writing:—"I give unto my wife by brown best bed, with the furniture." It is proved by William Bayde, 22d of July, 1616. The will of the

minstrel of Paradise is a nuncupative one, taken by his daughter, the great poet being blind. The will of Napoleon is signed in a bold style of writing; the codicil, on the contrary, written shortly before his death, exhibits the then weak state of his body.

Rising Genius.—A boy, who displayed a long dangling watch-chain, was asked, What's the time of day, Josiah?" He drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and, after examining it awhile, referred to another, and asked, "Is this the figury nine or the figury seven?" He was told that it was the "figury" seven. "Well then, Joseph, it lacks just about half an inch of eight."

The grave of the Count de Horne, who was beheaded by the Spaniards at Brussels in 1568, has just been discovered in the church of St. Martin, at Weert, in Belgium. The coffin, which was of wood, was much decayed, but the skeleton was perfect. The skull was placed upon the breast. At the left of the skeleton was a tin urn, hermetically closed, upon which were the words *Hear in Grave van Horne, Juny 26, 1568*. The rest of the inscription was not legible. The urn, on being opened, was found to contain the heart of the Count, covered with an aromatic powder. It had preserved its natural colour, but, on being touched, fell into dust.

Chatterton Monument.—The foundation-stone of Chatterton's monument was laid on Wednesday, 13th inst., nearly under the clock of Redcliffe church, in the angle formed by the tower and the muniment-room.

Post-office Letter Weights.—As the old method of charging letters by the number of sheets will be abolished on the 5th of December next, and after that period we are to pay by weight at the rate of 4d. per half-ounce, it will be necessary all persons should be furnished with weighing-machines.

In 1816 there were in the different public bathing establishments of Paris only 550 baths; there are now 4,200.

Newspaper Readers.—The tastes of the readers of a newspaper are sufficiently various and singular. One reads nothing but the poet's corner; another considers poetry, and all that sort of stuff, horrid trash. One deems politics the only business of life; another votes that department a bore. This one reads only the deaths and marriages, and that one looks only to the advertisements. There are various other idiosyncrasies too numerous to mention; but certainly the most singular we ever heard of, was the case of the lady who was obliged to consult the celebrated Abernethy, because "for several mornings past, she had not been able to relish her murders." We should like to have seen the doctor's physiognomy on the occasion.

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